Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, August 15, 1918 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

WHY I AM A LIBERAL.*

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me;
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gayly too?

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

—*Robert Browning.*

* In 1885 the question, "Why I am a liberal" (in politics of course) was put in England to some fifty men of letters and other cultural lines. The answers were edited by Andrew Reid and the volume circulated for campaign purposes. This was Robert Browning's answer.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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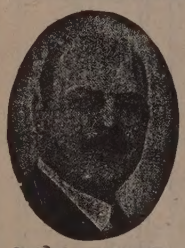

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1918 Number 24

THE PROPHET.

All day long he kept the sheep:—
  Far and early, from the crowd,
On the hills from steep to steep,
  Where the silence cried aloud;
  And the shadow of the cloud
Wrapt him in a noonday sleep.

Where he dipped the waters cool,
  Filling boyish hands from thence,
Something breathed across the pool
  Stir of sweet enlightenments;
  And he drank, with thirsty sense,
Till his heart was brimmed and full.

Still, the hovering Voice unshed,
  And the vision unbeheld,
And the mute sky overhead,
  And his longing, still withheld
  —Even when the two tears welled,
Salt, upon that lonely bread.

Vaguely blessèd in the leaves,
  Dim-companioned in the sun,
Eager mornings, wistful eyes,
  Very hungry drew him on;
  And To-morrow ever shone
With the glow the sunset weaves.

Even so, to that young heart,
  Words and hands, and Men were dear;
And the stir of lane and mart
  After daylong vigil here.
  Sunset called, and he drew near,
Still to find his path apart.

When the Bell, with gentle tongue,
  Called the herd-bells home again,
Through the purple shades he swung,
  Down the mountain, through the glen;
  Towards the sound of fellow-men,—
Even from the light that clung.

Dimly too, as cloud on cloud,
  Came that silent flock of his:
Thronging whiteness, in a crowd,
  After homing twos and threes;
  With the thronging memories
Of all white things dreamed and vowed.

Through the fragrance, alone,
  By the sudden-silent brook,
From the open world unknown,
  To the close of speech and book;
  There to find the foreign look
In the faces of his own.

Sharing was beyond his skill;
  Shyly yet, he made essay:
Sought to dip, and share, and fill
  Heart's-desire, from day to day.
  But their eyes, some foreign way,
Looked at him; and he was still.

Last, he reached his arms to sleep,
  Where the Vision waited, dim,
Still beyond some deep-on-deep.
  And the darkness folded him,
  Eager heart and weary limb.—
All day long, he kept the sheep.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

From "The Singing Man."

The *Illinois Farmer* for July 15 offers as its leading article a report of the State Entomologists of Montana on "Grasshopper Control." The article is illustrated and shows the communal attack on this pest; men grinding lemons, women busy in a mixing bee. Lemons, molasses, water, Paris green, white arsenic and salt are among the ingredients that lure the grasshopper to his death. The mixing of a bran-mash is described in detail. Eight dozen lemons, 4 gallons molasses, 6 gallons water, is the formula, six to fifteen pounds of this mash to the acre. Here is a vast grasshopper catching machine described and illustrated. Eight hundred pounds of grasshoppers caught in two hours and fifteen minutes. The final word is, "grasshoppers thus caught should be left in a sack a couple of days to kill themselves. As soon as all are dead, they should be spread out in the sun to dry and later sacked for winter poultry feed." What do you think of that? Not tornadoes, or wolves, not even those who go about in sheep's clothing, but grasshoppers, mosquitoes, fleas and lice are the most formidable foes of peace and plenty, in the psychical as in the physical world. Who will show us how to construct a machine to catch the social grasshoppers, the insect pests of gossip and suspicion? The most troublesome poison the human has to suffer from physically and spiritually is injected through the proboscides of mosquitoes, gnats and other biting, stinging things.

The Boy Welfare Movement has a monthly organ under the title of *The Big Brother,* published at 138 North La Salle Street, Chicago. Its sixteen pages are crowded with scout gossip, boy news and hopeful schemes. The July number gives an interesting account of the movement among the Catholics. Recently there was held a conference in the Parish Hall of the Holy Angels Church on Oakwood Boulevard in Chicago. Bishop McGavick presented a plan for the healthful employment of the delinquent boys which contemplates providing organization along county lines. The following is a portion of his report:

> We are greatly interested in the Big Brother work; we are always thinking of that work and talking about that work, and our business wholly concerns that work.
>
> In order to give them a work in which they would be interested, we have thought out the plan of organizing what we might call county unions—that is, having a Holy Name Union in each of the counties outside of Cook County and having them hold annual meetings—one meeting a year, or two meetings a year, or as many meetings a year as they would judge proper.

There will be a spiritual director appointed for each county, and they will be under the direction of the Archdiocesan Union. They will be a subdivision of the union and, at their annual or semi-annual or quarterly meetings, officers from the union will go out and be present, and speakers can go out from the city who will be able, possibly, to interest them in some way.

There is one work we know of now which will concern them all and in which they all should find special interest—that is to find homes for the boys in the Juvenile Court who are to be sent to farms in the country. We have about 100 boys in the Juvenile Court each year who are to be sent to farms; the court decrees this and there are probation officers detailed for the purpose of locating these boys on farms. There is one gentleman whose particular business it is to locate Catholic boys on farms. There were probably 100 boys in the past year and he had great difficulty in placing these boys. The result is they are scattered here and there and few of them find their way to Catholic farms.

* * * * *

During these months, from January to the end of May, the number of cases appearing in the Boys' Court was 2,148. That is not excessive. In fact, it is quite favorable. It does not show an increase in crime. It shows, rather, a decrease. I have not the figures for last year, but I am quite confident the figures for the first five months of last year were higher than this. The number of our boys in that group was 1,097. You see, our boys still keep coming down there; we have not stopped the regular procession, that daily flood which sweeps in from the police stations into the courts and on the way to penal institutions. It is flowing there yet, that stream from our various parishes, and the fact that, during those five months, almost 1,100 of our boys appeared there shows that our work is not yet done; it shows that we must busy ourselves about it. It shows that we must put forth every possible effort and energy in order to cut down this presence of our boys in the Boys' Court.

* * * * *

Of the boys sent to the House of Correction during the past five months, 79 were ours. The total was 203.

We secured positions for boys during the past five months to the number of 199. That is an important part of our work down in the court—to get positions for boys out of work, or for boys who are working and getting inadequate pay. We try to get positions for them in the hope that, being employed, they will not be so likely to fall into crime.

* * * * *

Why are these boys required to go down to the court monthly and report to Mr. Craine? Because no one takes any interest in them anywhere else. There may be Big Brothers in their parishes, but they are not visiting the boys.

Of the total number of Catholic boys appearing in the Boys' Court during the past five months, 308 were educated in Catholic schools, 777 in non-Catholic schools. That is a very good argument in favor of our Catholic schools; that is the positive, clinching argument of the advantage of Catholic education. You cannot get around that. The figures are there and they tell an eloquent story. Out of 1,097 boys, 308 came from our parish schools; the rest come from non-Catholic schools. In Chicago we have more than half the Catholic children of the grammar age in our parish schools, and naturally you would expect about half the court's boys would come from our parish schools—but they don't. Less than one-third came from the parish schools. You can't get away from that argument. Our Catholic people should think of that in determining how they will educate their children. Those 308 boys who appeared in the Boys' Court in the past five months, if they had been true to the teaching they received in the Catholic schools, if they had been practicing their religion as they had been taught to practice it, they would never have been down in the Boys' Court. Not one of them would have been there, because we never have one boy there who practices his religion. If one or two have appeared—as possibly they might—it is purely due to accident. But I dare say that not 3 per cent, not 1 per cent, probably not half a dozen boys since the first of January up to the first of June, have appeared in that court who practice their religion. I make that statement and I am sure it is correct. It shows the need of religious training and it shows, too, where the weak point in the training of our children is. It is because, either through home influences or through some outside influence, the religion in which they have been instructed and trained has failed in them or they have failed toward it. They have failed to practice it and have gotten away from its influence and thus have fallen.

Browning's "Sordello"

Thirty-six years ago this coming autumn the Editor of UNITY organized what we believe to be the first class for the study of Robert Browning outside of academic and professional circles in America. Throughout these thirty-six years he has never been without a Browning class in hand and in all this work UNITY has been an indispensable factor. Through its co-operation Browning classes were widely organized under one form or another during the 80s and the 90s and UNITY was the nimble, willing messenger-boy, carrying greetings, tidings, suggestions and encouragement between these circles to whom Robert Browning offered new visions to the spirit and new stimulus to the mind.

It is then quite in the line of UNITY's history to devote a large portion of our space for this and the two or three issues following to reporting the result of the last season's work of the Browning Class at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, believing that the exhibition will encourage other circles to go and do likewise during the study season rapidly approaching.

"Sordello" is the last resort of those who delight in exploiting Browning obscurities. Literary experts are still found who peddle the old joke that the only intelligible lines in this composition are the first and last lines. That the composition is a difficult one goes without the saying. It was born out of the enthusiasm of a boy poet and has in it the faults of youth. It deals with a far off and obscure corner of history. A certain understanding of the situation which can be obtainable only by study is absolutely necessary to the appreciation of the poem.

But most of all it deals with the development of a soul, the subtle motives and delicate shading connected with the inner life, and only those who are willing to study and are ready to appreciate such developments can be expected to find anything in "Sordello."

But the members of Browning class at the Abraham Lincoln Centre for the season of 1917-18 pledged themselves to stand by their leader in this his first attempt to lead a class *clear through* "Sordello." The class averaged an attendance of from ten to fifteen. It met every Friday morning at 10:30, some of its members coming from the remotest parts of the city.

Every line in the poem was read. Every perplexity, linguistic, historic or psychologic was faced and much free discussion was indulged in. The interest was sustained from the first to the last, simply as a class exercise, a test of the year's work, without review, each member of the class was requested to give in her own way the story of "Sordello" and what the study of it had done for her, this study to be accompanied with an anthology of the unforgettable lines, the compelling quotations, picked up by the way, as they journeyed through this obscure Browning country.

The results so delighted the leader that he secured the consent of his pupils to print the papers, if a convenient season offered itself, and the citations practically entire as offered to the class.

The Editor has neither time, nor the disposition to edit these papers; to add to or subtract from their conclusions would be to defeat our purpose. Their value lies in the fact that they are "class papers," fashioned out of the lives of very busy women who are deeply enmeshed in the activities, private and public, belonging to the long and hard winter season. On the Browning highlands this class refreshed themselves for their daily toil and pressing obligations.

The poets endure through the distractions of the day and those who know them are the better fortified to do the duties of the hour. The poets are the prophets, and states as individuals must, in the last analysis, take council of them. Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Emerson, Browning, Shelley and Whitman are the patriots who are at home in every land and speak in all tongues.

In their spirit we dedicate these columns to the brotherhood of the spirit which we continue to believe in. The democracy which we may be forbidden to expound for the time being finds its fuller expression in the lines which a young English poet wrote seventy-eight years ago.

AFTER A BRAHMS VIOLIN SONATA.

Leaping from darkling wood and rocky glen,
The mountain brook pours forth a ceaseless song:
It darts from gloom to sunshine and the throng
Of meadow blossoms, back to dusk again,
Tumultuous movement, tossing, dancing, then
Broken, tortured; yet while it strives along
It never ceases shouting sweet and strong
Its joyous glee for struggling souls of men.

Thus, wonder fingers, you draw from quivering strings
The spell of the brook; through music's splendid pain
And aching rapture, you bid my awakened soul
With eager spirit greet the daily strain,
And, making melody of all life brings,
Go singing on to pay life's utmost toll.

WINFRED RHOADES.

The Story of Sordello

CLASS PAPERS READ BEFORE LINCOLN CENTRE BROWNING CLASS AT THE CLOSING SESSION OF SEASON 1917-18.

I.

Browning begins his poem Sordello with the words, "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told." This promise is often repeated throughout the tale as the poet makes a start in his hero's history, comes to a halt, and apparently forgets him in labyrinthine digressions in Italian history, or depths of abstract reasoning, until we despair of the author's ever fulfilling his promise.

In the story of Sordello, one is impressed with two distinct strains which run throughout the book; the vague yet subtle one of subjective thought and feeling, Sordello's psychological experiences, and the actualities of the real life of men and women in social conflict. Yet the two elements unite when the effect of this social life is seen to have its direct influence upon Sordello's development.

"Sordello's story," apart from Browning's wonderful atmosphere of medieval Italian history, vivid description, and philosophy, may be briefly told, thus:

Verona, during the twelfth century, at the time of Frederick II, is engaged in civic war between the opposing parties, Guelf, and Ghibellin, on account of the capture of Count Richard, ally of the Guelf Azzo. The capture has been made by Taurello, who stands for the Emperor, and Ghibellin power, and who is the general of Ecelin II, head of the house of Romanoff. There is an uprising of all the northern Guelf cities of Italy for Richard's release.

The story following this prologue opens thirty years earlier. Sordello is a boy stamped in childhood with the characteristics of the poet and endowed with his faculties. He lives amidst the picturesque surroundings of the old castle of Goito, cared for by Adelaide Este, wife of Ecelin II. The boy has almost no human companionships, living an inner life of the imagination, his companions, the tapestry figures on the castle walls, the marble statues, or the birds without. In all his characterizations of inanimate nature he is seeking self expression, and aiming to establish his own supremacy.

A new experience suddenly brings Sordello into contact with men and women, though their occupation is not far removed from his own fantasties. These people are holding a court of love in the outskirts of the forest surrounding Goito. They are a band of troubadours brought here by Taurello. Palma, Ecelin's daughter, is their Queen, who is to present the laurel wreath to the best singer. This is apparently Eglamor, who is engaged in singing as Sordello appears. The latter, finding he knows the song far better than Eglamor, takes it from the latter's lips, and finishes it triumphantly, winning the wreath from Palma. He is borne back to Goito amid much applause, while Eglamor dies of his disappointment.

Sordello's career as bard now opens at Mantua, whither he is called by Naddo, the critic. His success becomes so great that he forgets the greatness of song itself in the effect of song. He has already felt that his own imaginings are not sufficient to his needs, but while wishing to show men, all of his experiences

of the imagination he alienates himself from them by rejecting any contact with them and their real experiences. This begets complicity of understanding between him and his auditors and gives rise to a greater conflict between his two natures, the man, and the poet, the former seeking self assertion, and the latter wishing only for the expansion of poetical power.

Sordello at last becomes weary of his audiences, so inadequate in their receptive powers, and weary of himself, and in a reckless and self questioning mood finds his way back to Goito.

In Goito Sordello spends a year of silent, introspective life, when he becomes aroused with the desire to experience reality. Naddo appears with much news from the outside world: Adelaide has fallen sick, the house of Ecelin missing her governing hand; old Ecelin is losing will and interest in affairs, and has fallen deeper into the clutches of the church. He has betrothed his sons, Ecelin and Alberic, to the sister and daughter respectively of Este, and Count Richard. Moreover Palma has sent a message to him, Sordello, to come to her at Goito. She wishes Sordello to adopt the Emperor's cause, but her motive in sending for him is also one of half-confessed love.

Sordello accepts Palma's offer to go with her to Ferarra to consult with Taurello as to the means of carrying on the Romanoff policy, when Adelaide's death occurs; Ecelin's soon follows, at the convent of Oliero, after the marriages of the sons, and Taurello hastens to Goito, his first visit there since the death of his young wife, Retrude.

Sordello is thus aroused to social action by Palma. He desires to be of public good, and, questioning if that good is the Ghibellin cause, he is informed of Palma concerning the Romanoff policy as revealed to her by the dying Adelaide. As he becomes acquainted with affairs he decides that neither the Guelf nor the Ghibellin power is the right one since each is entirely itself, and not for humanity; that a third course, that of establishing a new Rome, an ideal city, is the one for him to adopt.

In the meantime Ferarra is the scene of strife between the two conflicting parties and envoys are sent from the Lombard League to treat for Richard's ransom.

Sordello's dream of the Imperial city fades in regarding the sordid material of which its present citizens are composed; yet, as in the architectural evolution of any Rome, from the rude cave man hut, to the carved portico of the marble baths, collective talent produces great results so, from the superiority of the efforts of collective over those of individual man, the life of the multitude may be evolved.

Whatever side of his own nature may prove itself strongest, however, it may "never evade the consciousness of the knowledge that he is bound up with the fate of all mankind."

He pleads eloquently to Salinguerra for the Guelf cause, and also justifies his own, since his attitude, changed as it is, is told in the words, "All is changed the moment you descry Mankind as half yourself."

Taurello is somewhat moved by Sordello's speech, but, as he makes known, he regards the poet's ideas generally as impractical. He replies with the statement that Palma loves Sordello and proceeds to tell of the division of Ecelin's property amongst his three children, some of it being irretrievably lost. He speaks with regret of the years he has spent in acquiring it, years which he may count as wasted. He expresses himself as not so much discouraged as weary, and would fain see a younger leader of Romano's house in his place. Indicating his selection, he throws the imperial badge representing that house about Sordello's neck.

Palma now breaks upon the crisis by telling the true story of Sordello's birth which she has withheld until a suitable opportunity: when Ratrude bore her child in the taking of Vicenza, Adelaide, seeing the boy's father, Taurello, so superior to her own husband, concealed the boy's identity, thinking thus to keep the power more completely in her own hands by hiding what would give Taurello a greater interest than her own affairs would.

Taurello strives to conceal his emotions by plunging at once into many plans and revelations of ambitions which he hopes to carry through and attain when Palma at length causes him, for Sordello's sake, to desist, leading the former away to another apartment. There the warrior gives vent without restraint to his paternal pride and affection in his son, to the girl whom he already loves as a daughter, until the two are at length, summoned above by Sordello.

Sordello has been through great mental conflict in deciding whether or no to keep the Emperor's badge of office. If he gives it up, he must also give up Palma's affection. This means much to him.

He has reflected on the truths that some great interest as, in his case, that of human love, is necessary to concentrate efforts that otherwise might be scattered; that each attempt of life is not in itself wrong but only in so far as it frustrates some other attempt; and that man need not look toward outward sources of power to evolve himself, for the power to do so is within him. But Sordello cannot reconcile his ideas of individual happiness with those he has conceived for social welfare. He makes his decision rejecting the Baldric, and renouncing at the same time earthly life and love.

What is the lesson of Sordello?

Out of his self centered existence as an interpreter of other's experiences, to whom he offers no reciprocal help of brotherhood, is borne the truth that "Man may not live unto himself alone"; and in his attempt to live apart from realities, to experience life in thought, we learn, as has been so well expressed, that "Mind must not disown body" nor imagination separate itself from reality; and that "the spiritual is bound up in our earthly life." As Browning says,

> The soul's no whit
> Beyond the body's purpose under it.

This truth is the substance of much of Browning's religion and his philosophy, pointing as it does to "the necessity of a human manifestation of the Divine Being."

The character of Sordello has been analyzed throughout the poem, its very subject being the study of this soul. In Mrs. Orr's words, "Sordello's craving is neither for love nor knowledge—but for that magnitude of poetic existence which means all love, and all knowledge, as all beauty and all power in itself."

But he makes the same mistake as Aprile, or, at least as Paracelsus, and makes it in a greater degree;

for he rejects all the human conditions of the poetic life and strives to live it, not in experience or sympathy, but by a pure act of the imagination or as he calls it of will—the true joy of living comes home to him at last, and with it his first challenge to self sacrifice. Duty prevails, but he dies in the conflict, or rather of it.

Has Sordello been weak? Has he proved unequal to the occasion to seize a great political opportunity, eventually of benefit to the people? We can only judge of his decision by his own high standards: he has met his soul in the tribunal of his conscience whence it has gone forth purified and free, perfect at last through the process of Nature's evolution.

Many of the characters in Sordello have no real part on the stage of this drama, their names being rarely mentioned in it. We know of their deeds through historical allusions to them, but Browning has endowed them with no personality. Of the characters whom we may study on every page, we may consider in direct contrast to Sordello, Taurello Salingeurra. He is the typical "man of action," quick to think, quick to act. His active mind is not given to reflection, but to choosing the expedient course rather than a deliberate selection of a right or a wrong one.

He is a striking example of the modern term efficiency, being master of much technical knowledge, including the languages, as—

> . . . unconcerned
> What qualities were natural or earned,
> With no ideal of graces as they came
> He took them singularly well the same.

His mental equipment (to speak again in modern terms) is conducive to a self complacency, which in turn gives rise to his easy good humor.

> Good humored Salinguerra famed for tact
> And tongue who, careless of his phrase ne'er lacked
> The right phrase—

We are told too, "Men understood living was pleasant to him," which might seem incompatible with Taurello's own words, "My life must be lived out in foam and roar"; yet this may well be true of the forceful warrior side of the man.

That he knows men, we are told,

> . . . how Taurello, on the watch
> For men to read their hearts, and thereby catch
> Their capabilities and purposes—

In summing up his qualities, we feel that, had Taurello been placed in exactly Sordello's crisis, the former's decision would have been quite different.

Adelaide, with Palma, are important feminine factors in the drama. Both are masters of statesmanship, both intellectual types, though in Adelaide's case that of intellect applied in the wrong direction. She indeed deserves the name the people have given her, of the "crafty Tuscan."

In concealing Sordello's identity from his father's knowledge, she proves herself equal to other crimes of like degree, though it is but just to place to her credit the years in which she acted as guardian to the boy.

Neither her life nor the scene at her death bed, with its dying confessions leave us with any pleasant memories.

It is not so with Palma. Her impulses are all good. In spite of acting through the same political policy as Adelaide, Palma promised to be a power for the public good.

Her influence over Sordello, whom she loves, is unmistakable while in the scene with him and his father she shows much sympathy and tact.

Ecelin II is no great force in this history as his subordination to Adelaide, his wife, is seen at the start.

He is cruel by nature, as was his father before him, but not active in carrying out his instincts of cruelty. As he says of himself, "I am sick! too, old—"

Feeble in body, he became, ere his retirement at Oliero, broken in will. He went over to the Guelf cause, and the Church, dying at Oliero, the Alpine monastery.

His sons, Ecelin III and Alberic are infrequently alluded to in the poem.

Last but not least in his own opinion is Naddo. Representing as he does the typical critic, he is at the same time an individual character in the poem. "Naddo, busiest of the tribe of genius haunters," Browning calls him. He is always present with his previously formulated opinions, on the alert for a new poet to exploit, to whom he will incline an obsequious ear if the words of the poet's song fit the conventional mould.

In Naddo's opinion "Thoughts may be over-poetical for poetry." He expects from the poet, an immediate answer to a question that is

> One of God's large ones, tardy to condense
> Itself into a period,

and into the sanctuary of Sordello's mind he rushes, where "angels fear to tread," seeking to justify himself in his question,—

> I restrict
> The poet? Don't I hold the poet picked
> Out of a host of warriors, statesmen?—

Better men and women, including the poets, may come and go: "Only Naddo's NEVER GONE."

ELIZABETH C. BAILEY.

II.

The poem "Sordello" opens in the thirteenth century when the Guelf cities of Italy were allied against the Ghibellines, forming the Lombard League or partisans of the Empire against those of the Pope. "Sordello" is thirty years old when we are presented to him and we learn that he has been brought up by Adelaide, the second wife of Ecelin, at Goito where she has kept him in semi-seclusion, not even letting him know that he is really a son of Salinguerra and Retrude, the latter a connection of Frederick II. He thinks he is a son of Elcorte, an archer who rescued Adelaide from a pillaged city and is happy as her page. He really lives in fancies, pretending to be different people and playing with the stone maidens in the gardens.

Palma, Ecelin's daughter by Agnes D'Este, his first wife, is also at Goito and she becomes the center of Sordello's dreams, after he has met her in attendance upon Adelaide.

When Palma discovers the real birth of Sordello, which Adelaide reveals to her upon her death bed, she summons him to Verona and urges him to take up the Ghibelline cause with Salinguerra, his father—the strongest military power in Italy—and make by this move a position for himself in winning her as his wife. She confesses that he has not been forgotten by her since he won the prize at her Court of Love near Goito and now that he is filling North Italy with his fame as a poet she believes him capable of accomplishing anything.

She brings Sordello to see Salinguerra who is wearing the badge of leadership of the Ghibelline party and tells him that Sordello is his own son and that she loves him.

Salinguerra at this sees all of his dreams about to be realized—a union between Palma and Sordello, his son, bringing the personal note into that high family for whom he has toiled so long, and completely overcome, he throws the badge of leadership about Sordello's neck. These then are his equipment and his big opportunity and Browning tells us in this tremendous poem what becomes of him as he struggles to find the *raison d'etre* and perishes in the struggle.

The poem is written in six books and each one has a profound bearing on the soul which is laid bare to us as it develops.

In Book 1 we realize the background of the time—confused life in a struggling group of small cities, each envious of and hated by the others, all being ruled by different nobles whose will was law. Religion had lost its power and people were in open rebellion against the idea of life as taught by the monks. Love was in the air—not love as the all cleansing force which, with a Christ note, transfigures life, but the love of troubadours and courts—with passion and war or intrigue as the high, romantic note. There was a reaction against the religion of the spirit which was hurling people toward a religion of individual enjoyment—and the Church or the religious idea of life was weak.

The youth of our poet at Goito was just a beautiful idyl there in a lovely spot—the old castle with its perfect forests—and we find him drifting without any objective idea until he suddenly finds his ability to do something in winning the prize at Palma's Court of Love. His superiority over Eglamor, the first poet of them all, is so marked that the latter's frail spirit succumbs and he dies of the shock.

Browning loved this time of Italian history with its seething people working and playing, fiercely striving for intense individualism and keen life. They tried everything, wanting to experience all the passions and Sordello was like a cork adrift on this surging sea.

In Book 2 we have Sordello in the full tide of popularity, having been fairly pushed to it by Naddo, a courtier and critic who is always "there" ready to promote any new entertainment for his various patrons. But Sordello becomes sick at heart as he realizes how utterly futile it all is and that he has failed because he cannot get at the real and give it to the world through his art. He sees that the Mantuans do not understand him and rushes off out of the turmoil, back to Goito, leaving an important reception for Salinguerra without a bard to sing a suitable lay.

Book 3. In this book we find him at Goito gaining spiritual strength through natural forces. The long restful days and moonlight nights added to his city experience, teach him that he is a real person with a destiny to work out, being neither Apollo nor any of the beautiful beings he had played at being, and he returns to Verona with Naddo who has come without any warning but with a message from Palma.

In Book 4 Palma lays a political career before Sordello and he becomes fired with the idea of leadership, —"to shape the people of Italy"—instead of *doing* merely in imagination. He feels that he must act for the good of the human suffering people about him. Next comes a vivid and all too realistic picture of the sack of Vicenza, followed by a verse portrait of Salinguerra, which is a powerful example of Browning's skill at word pictures.

But Rome! Rome has become the cry of the new ideal growing in our poet's heart and, as he stumbles about in the flaring streets of Ferarra, he dedicates himself to an attempt at increasing the scope of the Church in forming a government "of all, by all, for all."

Palma finally finds him as he wanders and conducts him safely through the multitudes to a part of the city where they can discuss the future. In this book we have Salinguerra learning of the death of Adelaide and that without her Ecelin had lost his desire for power and gone into a monastery after dividing his lands between his two sons, Ecelin and Alberic. He finds too that the tired old man has at last betrothed the sons to women of the Guelf faction and this is a blow indeed for such an ardent Ghibelline as Taurello; but, nothing daunted, he decides to devote the remainder of his life to the restoration of power to Palma.

Book 5. Sordello is struggling with his new idea and is wondering in what practical way he can set about it to win adherents, when Palma suggests Salinguerra as the ablest man in all Italy. He must be pursuaded to espouse the Guelf cause in order to insure its success, so, with this end in view, Palma and Sordello approach the redoubtable soldier. As the poet talks he sees that all of his arguments fall flat and that Taurello's thoughts are wandering but Palma finally interferes to ask why they cannot espouse the same cause and become one; with one ambition. She then relates the story of Sordello's birth, as told to her by Adelaide upon her death bed: that he is Salinguerra's own son by his young wife Retrude who had died from the exposure following a journey to safety on a litter directly after the baby's birth.

The fine old chieftain is completely overcome at finding a leader of his own blood ready to hand for the Ghibelline group and when Palma confesses that she loves him he feels that the fates have indeed been kind in giving him a son and a leader who can enter the noble family he has served so faithfully, at will.

In a burst of enthusiasm he takes the badge of leadership from his own neck and places it about that of Sordello and he and Palma leave the excited young man to face the new situation alone.

Book 6. Here we have Sordello struggling for outer physical strength before he faces the tremendous inner struggle which it has become necessary for him to pass through in order to decide what is right for him to do with his life. A new element has entered, in the claim of his father which, after all is his own desire, and in the accomplishment of which he would achieve every good thing: Love, Power, Position; could he alone ever accomplish enough for the Guelf cause to justify him in failing his father and Palma? Question upon question comes crowding upon him and he grows more and more bewildered as his heart cries for one decision and his new conscience for another.

He feels his strength will never be equal to what is demanded of him and suddenly throws the badge

upon the floor and stamps upon it, in that way summoning Palma and Taurello. With the determination to renounce all worldly ambition, his heart stops beating and the returning, hopeful, loved ones find him dead at their feet.

The story ends in describing the terrible deaths of Ecelin's two sons, Salinguerra's second marriage to Sofia and his death, which demonstrates the futility of all he had labored to accomplish.

The one thing alive of all their combined deeds is a song of Sordello's which a child is singing on the hillside and which is beautiful enough to rival that of the lark, God's Poet.

BETTY B. CONRAD.

III.

The historic setting of the story of Sordello is not very clear. He is supposed to have lived in the Twelfth Century. The story came down through the Centuries to Dante who used it in his work. Then it followed on until it reached Browning. And now in spite of the sarcasm of Carlyle, some dozen students led by Mr. Jones, have been giving it careful study.

Sordello's first years were spent in beautiful surroundings, very satisfying to his poetic nature. He is described in Book 1, as dreamy and imaginative, roaming carelessly through the Castle and woods of Goito. This life becoming insufficient for him, he emerges from it into the public life of a Troubadour, a rival of Eglamor at a tournament, and wins the Crown of Victory from him at the hands of Palma. Eglamor dies from disappointment and chagrin at his defeat. Sordello's ambition to rise to distinction as a Poet, leads him to use his powers over his fellows, but he finds in time his skill is insufficient to sustain him as a leader. He determines to make his art tributary to the life of others instead of drawing all to himself, and making them tributary to his life and pleasure.

In winning the Crown from Eglamor, he finds the highest success a self-centered life ever reaches. Egotism and high poetic inspiration conflict. He abandons ambition for himself, and being called by Palma to active life, resolves to make his poetic gift a benefit to others. This throws him into direct contact with two opposing forces. These forces were the career of power, represented by the autocratic man of action Salinguerra, and the just claims and needs of the people. He determined to seek the best means in his power for serving the cause of the people.

Seeing that the policies of the Guelfs and Ghibellins are equally hard upon them, he decides to make the Roman Government a unifying element. He therefore resolves to use his poetic gift upon Taurello Salinguerra, to induce him to champion the Guelf cause as ally to Rome, and these "first he would an equilibrium, privilege for all now enjoyed by the few."

Taurello Salinguerra treats his appeal with scorn.

> . . . What, it comes to pass
> That poesy, sooner than politics,
> Makes fade young hair?
>
> . . . . .
>
> . . . Assist the Pope,
> Extend Guelf domination, fill the scope
> Of the Church, thus based on All, by All, for All—
> Change Secular to Evangelical—

Not a moment did this scorn affect Sordello.

> He recognized in full—faces that barred
> Henceforth return to the old careless life.

Feeling that all power was transferred to the young Sordello, through Palma's love and the favor of Ecelin, Taurello took the imperial badge from his own shoulders and flung it around Sordello's.

> —This badge alone
> Makes you Romano's Head—
>
> . . . . .
>
> On which ensued a strange
> And solemn visitation; there came change
> O'er every one of them; each looked on each:
> Up in the midst a truth grew, without speech.

Here Palma relates how Adelaide confessed that she had concealed Sordello's identity, and that he was the son of Retrude, wife of Salinguerra. The transference of the imperial badge upon Sordello, and Palma's revelation of his birth, now brings upon Sordello the burden of responsibiltiy, he is urging upon the old soldier.

Salinguerra then urges his marriage with Palma, for he saw in that the possibility of Sordello's becoming the dominent power, and incidentally including himself.

Power and Supremacy being thus suddenly thrust upon Sordello with all their responsibility, he saw the world (his world) against him in which he must act.

If his dream was to be realized he must, single handed and alone, meet the contempt and scorn of the world, of Palma, and of all he would seek to benefit.

No great forward step has ever been taken, but has had its origin in the mind of the dreamer. The work of prophet or reformer has been preceded by the dream. So we must place our trust in the dreamers. They are the most alert and wide awake people that exist. High up in the watch tower, they are making observations. Nothing escapes them. They arrive at their conclusions on scientific principles. They know that certain universal conditions in the present, make for character in the people, and character will surely tell its story in the future. Seldom if ever does the dreamer see his dream fulfilled. But that change we call death, illuminates the dream. It expands and grows and works in the aftertime. Look at the world's great lights, and where do we find one who realizes his dream during his life time? Jesus was eminently a dreamer. It was to revolutionize the world (his world) from ecclesiastical domination, form and ceremony to the simple and high standards of ethics. He died in the struggle, and but recently in the world's history has his dream begun to be realized. More and more high moral aims, are becoming the corner stone on which all faith rests. Are we not coming to hold ethics (which translated means democracy) and religion as interchangeable terms?

Socrates was another whose death gave impulse to his work and illuminated his dream.

We have one in our midst eminently a dreamer. His great dream now is a world disarmament and a world peace. If he had the power commensurate with his dream, he might live to see its fulfilment here.

It is surely coming, and it will be the result of the dream, now in his and a few other minds, illuminated and expanded universally. So, to me Sordello the dreamer stands as one among the great liberators. His final conquest over his own self seeking results in stamping the imperial badge under his feet, and in this struggle he dies.

Nature had not given him the physical fibre to stand the stress and strain of the spirit. He could not work

with a broken tool. The body failed, the vision stayed with him. They seek him,

They mount, have reached the threshold, dash the veil
Aside—and you divine who sat there dead,
Under his foot the badge: still, Palma said,
A triumph lingering in the wide eyes,
Wider than some spent swimmer's if he spies
Help from above in his extreme despair,
And, head far back on shoulder thrust, turns there
With short quick passionate cry: as Palma pressed
In one great kiss, her lips upon his breast,
It beat.

Our Author has made a success of his study of the development of a soul.

Mrs. Browning calls it a noble picture with the face turned to the wall. LOUISE M. DUNNING.

"SOMEHOW GOOD."

'Tis somehow good; this bitterness and pain
Will surely bring thee recompense in gain.
Some blessing 'neath this heartache there must be,
Tho' teardimmed eyes the sweetness may not see.

Upon the surging sea, despite the tide,
Thy little boat in safety yet doth ride;
And every storm that threatens from above
But draws thee closer to the heart of love.

Give love,—tho' it may seem to wasted be;
Look not for its return to dwell with thee:
But in the giving, tho' 'tis bittersweet,
Somehow—someway—great peace thy soul shall greet.

Seattle, Washington. JANET FAIRLEIGH STONE

A HERO OF PEACE.

In Memory of My Classmate, Caspar Wistar (Haverford, 1902), Medical Missionary.
Died of Typhus Fever in Guatemala, March, 1917.

Not on the field of glory did he fall,
And by his grave no drooping banner stands,
Only white flowers from the toil-worn hands
Of swarthy peons rested on his pall.
Not once but twelve long years he heard the call
Of duty, and obeyed its clear commands;
He lived a lonely life in alien lands,
And gave to strangers what he had, his all.

He did not seek for glory, would not care—
Plain Quaker fellow—for a monument.
But shall we honor only those that dare
To die on fields where blood for blood is spent?
Will God, you think, hold dearer him who gave
His life to kill than him who died to save?

From the American Friend. —*Charles Wharton Stork.*

The traveller standing amid the ruins of ancient cities and empires seeing on every side the fallen pillars and the prostrate walls, asks why did these cities crumble? And the ghosts of the past, the wisdom of the ages, answer: "These temples, these palaces, those cities, the ruins which you stand upon, were built by tyranny and injustice. The hands that built them were unpaid. The backs that bore the burden also bore the marks of the lash. They were built by slaves to satisfy the vanity and ambition of thieves and robbers. For these reasons they are dust. Their civilization was a lie. Their laws merely regulated robbery and established theft. They bought and sold the bodies of men, and the mournful wind of desolation, sighing around their crumbling ruins, is a voice of prophetic warning to those who would repeat the infamous experiment, uttering the great truth, that no nation founded upon slavery, either of body or mind, can stand.

The Conservator. —*Ingersoll.*

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Great Tone Masters

We print below the fifth of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

V

Ludwig van Beethoven

1770-1827

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

We ask not that for us the clouds be swept away, nor that for us the bitter blasts be tempered, but we do ask O Father, that we may know that thy sun shines behind the darkest clouds and that after winter blasts come spring buds and summer fruit. Father, we ask that we may bear thy burdens of discipline and pain that come in the benignant order of that nature which we poorly understand and rudely condemn. We ask that through sorrow, disappointment, unsatisfied hunger and ungratified desires we may catch the heavenly notes that come from the beyond and the above, the hearing of which will give to us the power to sing the Hymn of Joy. Help us to live as we would die in the thought of thy deathless love. Give us strength to bear our burdens to the grave and the beyond as thy cheerful, gratfeul, trustful, prayerful children. Amen.

Wagner, perhaps the greatest successor to Beethoven, tells us that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony occupies the highest place of all instrumental music.

The Ninth Symphony was born out of the strain and stress of ten years suffering, disappointment and defeat on the dearest lines that can enlist the energies of a musician. Ten years had elapsed since the Eighth Symphony was written and no symphony followed though his brain and heart were tingling with new material. The Symphony which up to this point was orchestral, suddenly stops, there is a silence and then as from above there descends a human voice, it begins to sing the lower inspirations, the joys of life. Then there are the echoes of battle music, the counts of marching and countermarching and then the theme blooms into the sweeter and higher joys of love. There are hints of domestic felicities, suggestions of fireside comfort, the consolations of the human, and lastly it breaks forth into a flood of heavenly music. The soul reaches cosmic inspirations and the ecstasies of religion, the penetrating power of faith breaks through. Instruments sustain, provoke and inspire the human chorus.

Romain Rolland describes the final chorus, *Chant one greeting, myriads countless* as that which "caps with warm dazzling sunlight one of the highest peaks in all music."

The climax of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is Schiller's great "Hymn of Joy." I must ask you, like myself, to take the attempt of these master critics to show how the great musician, Beethoven, lifted the words of the great poet higher than words could go.

It is not given to me to interpret the music in the soul of this great musician.

I humbly confess my incapacity to speak in this direction but I have lived in vain indeed, I have used the privileges of the pulpit to little purpose, if at the end of forty years or more I may not find some sermon material out of the life of this great tone master. His life is the key to his music as life is the key to all music.

Beethoven has been aptly called the Shakespeare or the Michael Angelo of music. His mind was attuned to masterful companionship. With only broken speech and halting training he made himself the companion of Homer and Virgil. A statuette of Michael Angelo was on his table. He reveled in the marvelous creations of Goethe whose comradeship and love he enjoyed. The unwritten symphony, the Number X, was a dream ringing in this deaf man's soul by which he would take the Goethe problem of Faust and carry it higher than Faust did, reconciling the classic world of Greece and Rome to the Gothic, the Western, the modern world.

The story of Ludwig van Beethoven is a story of suffering life. For years he halted, waited and hesitated for the time when he might give tonal power to Schiller's Hymn of Joy. It is no burden to be born of lowly parentage. The Man of Nazareth and the American Man of Sorrows, carried on their hearts no grief for the humble life of Mother Mary or Mother Nancy, for their humble firesides were touched with sweetness and loyalty. But to grow up with a sense of shame for the father, to plead the disgrace of a dissipated parent, to have to wrestle even in the courts for the integrity of his name and the purity of his fame against gross and selfish weakness of unworthy brothers, to go to his grave the unmarried and childless man whose heart was full of human love, was a burden hard to accept and harder to bear. Says his biographer, "A virginal purity pervades the entire story of this life." He was ever sensitive to human love and human affection. He became a mother to the orphan nephew, for whom he poured out the wealth of a mother and father heart. His training and future was the cause of his sleepless nights and patient years. Notwithstanding all this we find this nephew sinking lower and lower, confessing the sad terrible truth, "the more he tried to lift me the lower I sank."

With all the struggle and humiliation of his inhospitable human surroundings there came to him in early life the unspeakable calamity to a musician, an ever growing deafness. At twenty-seven he confessed in a letter to a friend that he feared his ears were failing him but at that time his major harmonies were all unborn.

Conceive if you can a situation more tragic than this. A man trying to conduct the orchestra which was interpreting his own deathless harmonies being at last compelled to listen to the heart breaking revelation of his associates who were obliged to tell him that he must desist because he could not hear the orchestration of his own music sufficiently well to keep the time. This man whose friends were touched to tears when in interpreting his own masterful compositions they found him, when he came to the quieter and more tender passages, touching the keys so lightly that they gave forth no sound to the great conductor's ears. He never knew what melodies he was invoking. This great musician distressed the ears of his friends by playing on an instrument so badly out of tune that it made discord which his own ears did not detect. Beethoven was a man who loved the out-of-doors. Bare headed he bathed himself in the wild tempests of the forest, but he heard no bird songs; the shepherds blowing their pipes carried no melody to him and still through it all he waited for years for the time when he could interpret in music this Hymn of Joy, a great classic of the German language. Classic still though broken to our English deafened ears by inadequate translation and latterly by an indiscriminating patriotism. And when the time came, it came not as he dreamed, not as he hoped, but by a suddenness that carried with it a "now or never" accent. After he had reached the Ninth Symphony he hesitated, gave up. But again came the demand, *"Now is the time,"* and he broke out in the great choral interpretation.

The genius of this Tone Master carried him mostly into instrumental music. He never wrote but one opera and that is said to have been a questioned success. And as though it were from inspiration from on high by the highly accomplished. But when he would translate Schiller's Hymn of Joy he summoned a chorus. It is only rendered once in a while by the brave and he breaks away from the most skilled of instruments and climbs in his theme of joy from the mere pleasure of existence, from the inspirations of the world, from the charm of the fireside, from woman love and children love up, up and beyond, where nature is supreme, where God alone is. The universe groans through the soul of man. History begs for utterance, and a massive chorus of trained voices sustained by instruments up there on the mountain peaks of sound breaks into deathless melodies.

What the great master accomplished with his music I may not interpret, but the lesson is made available to those of us who like Charles Lamb "have no ears" but have hearts for human suffering and to a degree a head to understand great thoughts and high themes. His high life speaks to us when his triumphant music escapes us.

Let me stay with this man a little while longer. He was a King Lear in real life. He literally fought with the elements. He summoned storm and thunder, only so that his heart might find justice somewhere and brotherhood everywhere.

He fled the world of wealth, of fashion and of political intrigue because he would not "make covenant with injustice." Listen to the prayer of this agonized soul:

> Hearken unto me, Great Being, that I know not how to name. Grant the fervent prayer of the most unhappy of thy creatures!
>
> O God, aid me! Thou wilt not leave me entirely in the hands of men; because I do not wish to make a covenant with injustice! Hear the prayer which I make to thee. . . . O cruel fate, implacable destiny! No, no, my unhappiness will never end!

Listen to his dying prayer which hints at the depths out of which came the great music:

> As the leaves of autumn fall and fade, so it has withered away for me; almost the same as when I came here do I go away—even the high courage which often in the beautiful summer days quickened me, that has vanished. O Providence, let me have just one pure day of *joy;* so long is it since true joy filled my heart. Oh when, oh when, oh Divine Being, shall I be able once again to feel it in the temple of nature and of men? Never—no—that would be too hard.

These prayers were answered. He went out of the world chastened, sweetened and submissive. His biog-

rapher says that the life that had started out tempestuously,—perhaps irritable and impatient,—went out on a terrific night. Snow, lightening and thunder shut him out of the world. But he lived long enough in spite of, or by virtue of,—I know not which, this rough handling of life to find his way into most of those inspirations that we effect, most of those convictions we pretend to believe in.

His Third Symphony, called the Heroic Symphony, was inspired by what he welcomed as the new light of a new day, the rise and early triumphs of Napoleon Bonaparte. He hailed him as a liberator from crowns and autocracies, he saw in him the coming man. He wrote this symphony and on the title page dedicated it to "Napoleon Bonaparte." But lo, before it was finished, this "harbinger of democracy," that he had trusted, this man who had promised to be the guide and liberator of man, reached forth his hand and siezed a crown and put it on his own brow and Beethoven was a disappointed man mourning over one more "lost leader." He tore his name from the title page and had to be restrained by his friends from tearing the printed copy and throwing it into the wastebasket. On the title page he wrote instead "To a Great Man." No longer was it dedicated to the disappointing and fallen Bonaparte, the hero of battlefields, but rather to the greater man that must come to lead the forces of love, to champion the cause of democracy, to use the combined forces of mankind against tyranny, superstition, bloodshed and destruction. Perhaps the dedication still waits the man that he promised in the Third Symphony.

Years afterward when the tragedy of St. Helena came he said sadly, "I wrote his funeral march seventeen years ago," and that funeral march in the Third Symphony is said to be, by those who ought to know, a masterpiece in that direction.

Not only was Beethoven a democrat, a lover of liberty, but he was a liberal in religion. He said sadly, "Words are still bound but sounds are free." One must go he said "to North American to be free to speak his mind." I wonder if he paid to the United States too high a compliment! At least he was right when he said, "There are no bounds to music" and so he poured his love of humanity out into his great music.

He was born a Catholic, he grew up a nominal Catholic, but he came to be a mystic after the order of Tauler and has been called, not inaptly, the forerunner of Whitman and Millet. He said, "the empire is in the air." He spoke that word when the disappointing Napoleon seemed to be in his mind.

"I approach God without fear, I have always known him."

"Christ was but a crucified Jew" he said. And in another connection, "Jesus and Socrates are my ideals."

This man who won the great unparalleled triumph of the Ninth Symphony permanently offended the royal courtesies of Vienna, where he spent thirty-five years of his life. Society manners limited applause to three calls, perhaps we would call it "three times three," and such applause was granted only to royalty. But at the completion of this Ninth Symphony, the great choral climax of the Hymn of Joy, even the conventional, cultured listeners defied the bounds and repeated the round of enthusiasm not only three but five times. The police began to be nervous and they proceeded to quell the heavenly mob up in the realms of the spirit where enthusiasm and fellowship know no conventions. That was Beethoven's triumph.

Our hero went out of the world a veritable Titan in art but a savior in love, and if his redeeming tones have not yet made themselves dominant in the world it is because there are as yet so few of us who have reached the realm of harmony that is forever international. Melody is always at home in any air and under any flag. It is always inviting the comradeship of love, of hope, home, and of faith.

I owe an apology to you for venturing to speak of Beethoven out of my ignorance, but I owe no apology to him or to you for linking his name to the inspirations of the hymnbook,—any hymnbook in any language. The pages of any hymnbook are charged with this comradeship I have been speaking of, a comradeship of suffering, of thwarted hopes, of love and of faith.

Beethoven was a Belgian by descent. He was born in Bonn, born like my other subjects in this course with evidence of pre-eminent genius, but was unlike Bach, Handel and Mozart who were inheritors of musical tendencies and the refinements and inspirations of music, the beloved child of beloved parents, who loved to do what parents could to give room and heart for the graces of God. Ludwig also was the child of a musician, a Cappelmeister, who early discovered the latent genius in his child, but already was the father so befogged and so coarsened by dissipations that for sordid reasons he laid his heavy hand on his child of four years old who could surprise people at the piano. He probably knew of the triumphs of Mozart, the boy wonder. He knew of the precocious developments of the Bach family and he said, "Here in my nest is hatched an ugly duckling. This ugly duckling must be exceptional." And so he subjected his child to training which in one less endowed would have resulted in a lasting recoil from music.

At seventeen Ludwig was bereaved of his mother, and his memory of her was tender and touching. He produced nothing of importance until he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. His fame as a performer had outreached his fame as a composer but for gain a greedy brother proceeded to publish his boyish attempts. And he must needs fight for his good name as an artist. He appealed to the court to suppress his own productions which had been published for mercenary ends by his kindred.

I have already hinted at his pathetic disappointment in the nephew whom he dearly loved and to whom he gave the place of a child in the heart that was big with fatherly love and purposes.

Now out of all this storm and stress of life there is one thing to be remembered. Schiller's great Hymn of Joy was written while Beethoven was a fugitive from aristocratic tyranny. He knew the bitterness of exile from that which was most dear to him. This great interpretation of the Hymn of Joy which reaches the tablelands in Beethoven's genius was written by a bound Prometheus, one chained to the rocks, his enemies who were many, like the vultures in the Greek myth, persistently tearing at his vitals. He knew the maximum of suffering consistent with a continuance of life.

Beethoven died chanting the joy borne out of sorrow. He died illustrating the strength born out of pain which every thoughtful soul can interpret within though he may never have heard Beethoven's splendid

interpretation. This hunted child of genius climbed, as all souls must climb, by defying circumstances. By a conquest over pain and weakness he rose into a culture that included the classics of Greek, Latin and Italian, at fifteen entering into the responsibilities of a family he never had. At nineteen he must by legal procedure secure control of the little stipend of his father, in order to save him from further debauchery that would go with every monthly receipt of salary. And this was the man who companioned Hayden, who enjoyed Bach, who took a few lessons from Mozart and has written himself among the few immortals in the world of art.

He has testified in charming phrase to what his later brother in art, whom I cannot help associating with him, Francois Millet, confessed, that he was held back from suicide only by the thought that there was within him, unexpressed, unrealized art, this held him to the rocks and enabled him to bide his time.

Romain Rolland, the great hearted, tender hearted Frenchman who in these dire days that have fallen upon France has made good his citizenship of the world and is now in Switzerland watching, waiting, working, praying for France behind the calamities and beyond the trenches, in a recent book speaking to those who need the message of brotherhood from "Above the Battle," says.

> of his sufferings that his example would give help to other
> The strong and pure Beethoven himself hoped in the midst unfortunate ones. . . "that the unhappy being may be consoled in finding another as unfortunate as himself, who in face of all obstacles has done everything possible to become worthy of the name, man."

Not German or Frenchman or American, but man. Rolland says further:

> After years of battling with almost superhuman efforts to rise superior to his sufferings and accomplish his life's work—to breathe a little more courage into poor weak humanity, this conquering Prometheus observed to a friend who called too much on God, "O man, help thyself!"

"O man help thyself!" Quit, quit the insincerity of sending your voice up into unresponsive space asking the Almighty to bring to you and to me peace, while the air is filled with battle noises and mighty armies are being marshaled to the breaking of mother hearts. "O man help thyself!"

Rolland continues:

> Beloved Beethoven! So many others have praised his artistic grandeur. But he is easily the first of musicians. He is the most heroic soul in modern art. He is the grandest and the best friend of those who suffer and struggle. When we are saddened by worldly miseries, it is he who comes near to us, as he used to go and play to a mother in grief, and without uttering a word thus console her by the song of his own plaintive resignation. And when we are utterly exhausted in the eternal battle uselessly waged against mediocrity, vice and virtue, it is an unspeakable boon to find fresh strength in this great ocean torrent of strong will and faith. An atmosphere of courage emanates from his personality, a love of battle, the exultation of a conscious feeling of the God *within*.

What higher compliment can man deserve or the tongue of man frame.

Of God, the great musician said, "I approach God without fear, I have always known him."

Said Haweis, England's preacher-interpreter of Music,

> To follow a movement of Beethoven is in the first place a bracing exercise of the intellect. Nothing morbid, nothing luxurious. . . He could write: "I wander about here with music-paper among the hills, and dales, and valleys, and scribble a great deal. No man on earth can love the country as I do." But he could not hear the birds sing.

Beethoven was a great musician because his was a great head as well as a noble heart. Listen to him while he *thinks* about music—

> Music ought to create and fan the fire of the spirit of man.
> Music is a higher revelation than the whole of wisdom and the whole of philosophy. . . He who penetrates the meaning of my music shall be freed from all the misery which afflicts others.

> Liberty and progress are the goals of art just as of life in general. If we are not as solid as the old masters, the refinement of civilization has at least enlarged our outlook. (To Archduke Rudolph.)

> Art unites everybody, how much more true artists, and perhaps you will consider me also worthy of being counted one of this number.

On an Album-leaf when twenty-two years of age, with Christ-like simplicity he summed up all the Law and the Prophets as follows:

> To do all the good one can,
> To love liberty above everything,
> And even if it be for a kingdom,
> Never to betray truth.

On his dying day he could truthfully say, "I have not been disloyal to the heavenly vision."

May the story of this King Lear in real life, wrestling with the higher elements of nature and the more fierce elements of human nature, pleading for justice and dying with the trumpet to his lips, giving to the generations that followed the message of manly resistance, of womanly tenderness and of saintly resignation, inspire us to high effort.

Comfort us, O Father, through the perplexities of life; strengthen us, O Father, through the voices of the world; chasten us through our own defeat; help us to be children of thine by realizing thine indwelling, feeling thy presence in the high call to suffer, to live and then maybe to die for thy truth and thy love. Amen.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  —— He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

—*Robert Browning.*

A Fable for the Day

EXPERTS WANTED

The Tenderfoot was having his First View of the Range.

"There seem to be a Good Many Horses over there on the Foot Hills," remarked the Cow-puncher casually.

"Horses? I don't See any," he replied. "Where are they?"

"Don't you See that Band just this side of that Far Butte?" said his Western friend, pointing into the Distance.

"Well," said the Tenderfoot, "I see some Black Dots over there. How on earth do you Know they are Horses?"

"Oh, it's just like Grunting to a Hog," was the reply. "I've been Using my Eyes on such things ever since I was Knee-high to a Coyote."

Moral: Men with Social Vision Will Be Needed to Solve the Problems of World Peace.

The New World.

A Statesman's Message

"Like most Englishmen, Earl Grey was spiritually shy, and only now and then let me see what was moving him, and moving him very deeply. These moments were unforgettable. I seemed for a second to see his soul straining to know if I had apprehended the uttermost truth of his spirit which he shrank from uttering. He said to me once: 'You know the idea of those words—he being dead, yet speaketh? A voice from the grave often gets a hearing. That's what I'm after. I want to try to make my voice sound from the grave. I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarreling. We've got to come together. We've got to realize that we're all members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity, I'm perfectely sure there isn't, *perfectly sure,* except love. Love is the way out, and the way up. That's my farewell to the world.' "

—From Harold Begbie's "Life of Earl Grey."

The New World.

The Unpopular Review

The Unpopular Review, timely, thought-provoking, amusing, is the latest issue of this magazine, that for July-September, 1918. And that this issue should be so described, is to say that the *Unpop.* is keeping up to standard.

"Naturalization in the Spotlight of War" presents some aspects of a problem which is the cause of much trouble among us just now, and which must be reconsidered when again the tide of immigration floods in upon us.

"The Flemish Question" by someone who evidently knows whereof he speaks, gives what corroborating evidence prompts one to say are the facts about the Flemish University (at Ghent) which Germany has recently (within two years) founded.

The question of the freedom of the seas comes in for an article, as does the Neo-Darwinian argument for war.

Of even more importance than these are "The Conditions of Tolerance," and "Humanism and Democracy," for they are thoughtful expressions on problems essential in "making democracy safe for the world." And, in the typical *Unpop.* fashion, which is to say, playfully, but not superficially, "The Neo-Parnasians" pleads with the ultra radicals to be gently tolerant of "old fogy" ideas!

Psycho-analysis gets attention in "The Modern Medicine Man." The writer, evidently a woman, has been helped by Freudian methods. It is interesting to get the patient's point of view.

And, as usual, the Editor, Mr. Henry Holt, keeps before us the subject of psychic research.

ARTHUR T. BROWN.

Another throne has gone down and I swim in oceans of satisfaction. I wish I might live fifty years longer; I believe I should see the thrones of Europe selling at auction for old iron. I believe I should really see the end of what is surely the grotesquest of all the swindles ever invented by man—monarchy. It is enough to make a graven image laugh, to see apparently rational people, away down here in this wholesome and merciless slaughter-day of shams, still mouthing empty reverence for those moss-backed frauds and scoundrelisms, hereditary kingship and so-called nobility. It is enough to make the monarchs and nobles themselves laugh—and in private they do: there can be no question about that. I think there is only one funnier thing, and that is the spectacle of these bastard Americans—these Hamersleys and Huntingtons and such—offering cash, encumbered by themselves, for rotten carcasses and stolen titles. When our great brethren, the disenslaved Brazilians, frame their Declaration of Independence, I hope they will insert this missing link: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all monarchs are usurpers, and descendents of usurpers; for the reason that no throne was ever set up in this world by the will, freely exercised, of the only body possessing the legitimate right to set it up—the numerical mass of the nation." Things are working. Bye and bye there is going to be an emigration, maybe. In a few years from now we shall have nothing but played-out kings and dukes on the police, and in fact overcrowding all the avenues of unskilled labor. I want to say a Yankee mechanic's say about monarchy and its several natural props. I am glad you approve of what I say about the French Revolution. Few people will. It is odd that even to this day Americans still observe that immortal benefaction through English and other monarchical eyes, and have no shred of an opinion about it that they didn't get at second hand. Next to the Fourth of July and its results, it was the noblest and the holiest thing and the most precious that ever happened on this earth. And its gracious work is not done yet—not anywhere in the remote neighborhood of it.

The Conservator. *—Mark Twain in 1889.*

Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

Love Among the Ruins. *—Robt. Browning.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TREES.

The trees within the wood,
Are patient, wise, and good,
They light the forest aisles
In the summer with their smiles,
And in winter-time they know
All the glory of the snow;
Every bird may build and brood,
In the trees within the wood.

The trees within the wood,
Are much misunderstood,
They are beautiful and kind
To the fickle-minded wind;
They are fondly gazed upon
By the yellow, mellow sun;
There is fuel, there is food,
From the trees within the wood.

The trees within the wood
Are of every hue and mood,
Some are solemn, some are gay,
Some prefer the night to day;
When I transmigrate I'll be
Just a mighty monarch tree,
Lofty, and of royal blood,
Growing great within the wood.

From "Verses." —Robert Loveman.

A TRAINING COURSE FOR HEALTH INSTRUCTORS.

To release trained nurses for service at the front and for positions at home necessitating specialized training, to increase the number of public health workers more rapidly than is possible if the nursing profession remains the sole source of supply, and to prevent communities from the menace of epidemics and an increased disease rate generally as a result of the present shortage of physicians and nurses, the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association has planned a new course for the training of health instructors and visitors.

Realizing that much of the work is essentially educational, it occurred to the association that the teaching profession in all probability offered a fertile recruiting ground for public health positions which cannot be filled with fully trained nurses. It designed, therefore, a course of study to fit college and normal school graduates, whether already engaged in teaching or not, for work in schools, health departments, factory welfare departments and dispensaries, now carried on exclusively by nurses.

Since this course represents a new venture, Dean Reber and his associates are anxious to have as their students only women of high ability and social vision. In this way, they hope, the present emergency may see the beginning of a new and desirable functionalization of public health service; for there are many elements in the training of a nurse which are not strictly needed for the equipment of the health instructor.

The course will start early in September and will probably be of ten months' duration. It will be under the personal direction of Dr. E. V. Brumbaugh, formerly of the Milwaukee City Health Department, and will be given in affiliation with the University of Wisconsin Extension Division which already has close links with the association. Some of the leading health experts of the state will be on the faculty, and an important feature of the training course will be actual field work under the direction of various social and health agencies which are giving their co-operation, including the state department of health.—*The Survey.*

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